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On Campus with Max Shulman

(By the Author of "Rally Round the Flag, Boys!" and "Barefoot Boy with Cheek.")

THE PARTY WEEK END: ITS CAUSE AND CURE

With the season of party weekends almost upon us, my mail of late has been flooded with queries from young inmates of women's colleges wishing to know how one conducts one's self when one has invited a young gentleman for a weekend. This morning, for example, there were more than 30,000 letters, each containing a lock of hair. I gave the hair to a bombsight maker and the lamdin to a dry sleep of my acquaintance, and I turned instantly to the question: How should a young lady deport herself when she has asked a young gentleman to be her guest at a party weekend?

Well, my dear girls, the first thing to remember is that your young gentleman is far from home and frightened. Put him at his ease. You might, for instance, surprise him by having his mother sitting in a rocker on the station platform when he gets off the train.

Next, what kind of corsage should you send your young gentleman? Well, my beloved maidens, orchids are always acceptable.

If you find, my esteemed fillies, that your local florist has run out of stock, do not be dismayed. Make a corsage out of paper. But pick good, stiff, durable paper—twenty dollar bills, for example.

Remember at all times, my fond weeches, to show your young gentleman courtesy and consideration. Open doors for him, walk on the traffic side of the path, assist him to the punch bowl, sip his parks, light his Marlboros. (What, you ask, if he doesn't smoke Marlboros? Ridiculous, my precious nymphs! Of course, he smokes Marlboros! Don't you? Don't I? Doesn't everybody who knows a hawk from a handsaw?? What other cigarette gives you such a lot to like? Such filter? Such flavor? Such flip-top box? No other, my sweet minxes, no other. Marlboro stands alone, and any man worthy of you, my ostinable damsels, is bound to be a Marlboro man.)

If you will follow the simple instructions stated above, my good lasses, you will find that you have turned your young gentleman into a fast and fervent admirer. There is nothing quite like a party weekend to promote romance.

Serafina Gut Anxiously by the Mailbox

I am in mind of a party weekend some years ago at Miss Pomfritt's Seminary for Genteel Chicks in West Linotype, Ohio. Serafina Sigafoos, a sophomore at this institution, majoring in napkin folding, sent an invitation to a young man named Fafnir Valve, a junior at the Joyce Kilmer School of Forestry, majoring in sap and holes.

Anyhow, Serafina sent an invitation to Fafnir, and he came, and she showered him with kindness and cuff links, and then he went away, and Serafina sat anxiously by the mailbox, wondering whether she would ever hear from him again. Sure enough, two weeks later she got a letter: "Dear Serafina, Can you let me have fifty bucks? Yours, Fafnir."

Whimpering with ecstacy, she ran to the bank and withdrew the money and mailed it to him. From then on, she got the same request every week, and as a result, she became very well acquainted with Ralph T. Involute, teller of the West Linotype Bank and Trust Co., and their friendship ripened into love, and today they are happily married and live in Stamen, Oregon, where Ralph is in the extruded molasses game and Serafina is a hydrant.

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Every weekend is a party weekend when you smoke Marlboros, whose makers bring you this column throughout the school year.

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